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GAR SQUARE.

NOW, RAPID TRANSIT.

The question of rapid transit in this city

is an urgent one at all times, but especially

so at this juncture when the removal of

Thomas Platt has allowed the World's

Fair to loom up at shorter range than

Chicago. If we are going to have the Fair

here in New York, some added facilities

of transportation for the thousands who

will crowd to the city are an imperative

necessity.

A Rapid Transit bill was sent to the

Legislature last year. It was approved

by press and people. Mr. PLATT's ob-

structive personality has hampered the

passage of this bill. It is hard to think

that in every great move which looks to

the advantage of this city one element to

success should have to be the suppression

of the man from Oswego. But acceptance

of the situation is only reasonable, and

the first move towards rapid transit is

the prompt elimination of PLATT. Will

Mr. DEWEY have again to go forth, the

Goliath of Gotham, to down this atomy?

AN EDUCATIONAL EXHIBIT.

The Department of Superintendence of

the National Educational Association met

yesterday for the first time in New York.

The question of an educational exhibit at

the World's Fair came up, and various

suggestions were made as to the character

of such an exhibit. There is no reason

why this point should admit of such

divergence of opinion as education itself.

The object of such an exhibit is to show

what means the country employs to

educate its citizens. Studies, school-

houses, hygiene in schools, methods in

teaching, what are the conditions of

school education on children of different

ages and the like are the points which

should be brought out.

How this exhibit can be best exhibited

is something well worthy the thought of

these concerned. It is not too obvious.

ANOTHER HIT AT THE SUGAR TRUST.

Judge WALLACE's decision, in California,

in the case of the People against

The American Sugar Refining, aroused

much interest in Wall street, as it in-

volves the Sugar Trust. Judge WALLACE

declared that the obligations to the public

which corporations are subject to forbid

monopoly in the necessities of life. This

is the simple correct view which ought to

be sustained everywhere.

Practical jokes are the morbid growth

of a diseased sense of humor. So long as

human nature exists they will always be

possible and will always occur to some

extent. The basis of them is an abuse of

the confidence which naturally exists in

man towards man, a feeling beautiful

enough to be respected. Fictitious letters

from the crew or passengers of doomed

vessels is one phase of this idiotic

perversity. Jockeying with the inner

feeling of poor human nature, which has

too little fineness at best, is disgusting

and brutal.

The two factions of Woman Suffrage—

the National Association and the Ameri-

can Association—have united. If they

are ever to accomplish anything it will

only be by a united effort. Discussion is

only dissipation of force. Truth is one,

and the clearer and stronger it is the less

likely is any dissension among its ad-

vocates.

Judge ZANE has created a mild surprise

at that stronghold of Mormonism, Salt

Lake City, by deciding that the six Mor-

mon Councilmen who received the high-

est number of votes in the wards are en-

titled to certificates of election. The Gen-

erals had looked for a decision in their

favor. No one can accuse Judge ZANE of

any Mormon bias.

Yesterday was May in the morning and

December in the evening. The American

constitution which survives the Ameri-

can climate is truly great.

SPOTLETS.

Mr. Platt is not so much of an Oswego man as

he. "Oh, we don't go much."

A man has got his lungs coated with glass. His

temperature is becoming glacial.

Two little Boston boys, nine and seven years of

age respectively, have fought and clubbed and

stabbed each other all for a little while. It is not

aged against the little girl who was wronged or not.

A Chicago detective has caught somebody.

These accounts will happen even to Chicago de-

tectives.

The wretch who will shoot a woman at a

beaver-meeting must be a beast of prey.

The report of the Patrol Commission, natu-

rally varies, since nobody seems to know whether

it was a charge or discharge.

There is no reason why the anti-trusts should

be left on the sidewalk today because it is Ash-

Wednesday.

An old man in a Parag-house died while

snoring. This was the only ground for suppos-

ing he was a man of note.

The last scene of the Subscription Assembly

yesterday evening was last.

Everybody felt as if "The Goodfellow" would

have to go. Well, last night it went, and very

well too.

Poor Doggie.

[From the Epoch.]

Beautiful! That dog there knows as much

as I do.

Mother—That's it! I'm sorry for the dog.

## CIGAR GIRLS.

Well Nelson Describes Exist-  
 ence in the Big To-  
 bacco Factories.

The Forgotten and Neglected  
 Child of Labor.

Pathos and Romance Within the  
 Cold Brick Walls of Work's  
 Strongholds.

Heroic Women Who Suffer, but  
 Never Complain.

A Mother and Her Child Who  
 Live on \$24 a Month.

The Third Chapter of Workingwomen's  
 Privations in New York Mills  
 and Factories.

III.

Say, old smoker! as you sit coiled up  
 in your "sleepy hollow," in the lotus  
 dream of ease, do you ever see in the soft  
 blue rings of smoke that curl about your  
 head and pale, strange young faces?

Not even when alone, with the light  
 burning low and the embers dying in the  
 grate?

Then you belong to the ranks of the  
 realists? So much the better, for I want  
 you to see and know the girl, the New  
 York girl, who fills, rolls, wraps and rib-

bons the tobacco that soothes your tired  
 nerves and intoxicates your aesthetic  
 senses.

Look for her in the crowd that surges  
 along Fourteenth street, down the east  
 side and across the bridge and ferries.  
 You can't miss her, for the awful pallor  
 of her face, the sallowness of her skin,  
 the stoop of her shoulders, the almost  
 chronic soreness of her lips and the un-

supportable smell of tobacco that clings  
 to her hair and clothing are the unmis-

takeable features of her identity.

Don't misjudge her. She is not half as  
 rough as she seems nor a little as bad as  
 you think. If you ask her she will go to

supper with you because she is hungry,  
 and she will accept any favor you may  
 extend because she is cold, poor and des-

titute of friends and home. So little  
 does she know of creature comforts and  
 so craving is the hunger of her soul for

human sympathy and friendly interest  
 that she will respond to the slightest

kindness. The passion of her soul is  
 gratitude, and a caressing word will trans-

port her spirits or a sympathetic tone  
 open the floodgates of her bruised and

aching heart.

THE TOBACCO FACTORY.

To study this neglected and forgotten  
 child of labor, who struggles so bravely  
 to be nice and toils so uncomplainingly

for the pittance that keeps life in her  
 body and hope in her heart I visited the

great cigar manufactory of Messrs. Liech-

tenstein Bros. & Co., where in the busy  
 season 800 operators find employment in

the doesn't like to have her face brushed  
 even during a practical lesson in indus-

trial training, and that she objects to  
 the habit he has of putting his arm about

her neck to show her his method. These  
 are slight grievances to make, but they

are grievances nevertheless, and they  
 have a tendency, with other losses com-

mon to the shops where men and women  
 are closely associated, to lower the moral

tone of the shop and rob the girl of  
 heaven's choicest blessing—modesty.

Perhaps it is not asking too much to  
 request that the men cover their shirts

with 25-cent cotton coats, that they  
 forgo the luxury of continuous and un-

interrupted smoking, and that the dis-

tance of an arm's length separate them  
 from their coworkers. Perhaps even the

suggestion will seem impertinent as well  
 as audacious, but the subject is one that

involves the moral beauty of 200 young  
 women and little girls.

FEW AMERICAN GIRLS HERE.

The working population was composed  
 almost wholly of foreigners. There were

only a few American girls here.

Only a few American girls here.

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apple of her husband's eye, whose work,  
 by the way, she surpasses.

"He benches 400 and I can do 500, but  
 then, he isn't very well."

Mary is a trim little thing, and in her  
 bright gold earrings and soft lace kerchief

she looked very pretty.

She acted as interpreter for her friend  
 Antonio Mironi, who hasn't any hus-

band and hasn't a very good opinion of  
 cigar-makers as life partners, who either

get sick or die and are no use to a girl.

Mary keeps house for her mother, a  
 brother employed in the shop contribut-

ing to the general fund. She was gorge-

ously in a saffron-colored cashmere dress,  
 the same shade as her complexion, which

was elaborated with braided passement-

erie, and for which she paid \$20.

Through the interpreter I lectured her  
 a little on her extravagant purchase, and

her reply was, "Thank you for telling me  
 that. No one tells a working-girl the help-

ing things."

A WOMAN FACTORY INSPECTOR NEEDED.

If only a Grace Dodge or some other  
 sweet woman would accept the position of

Factory Inspector, these "helping things"  
 would do so much to smooth the path for

these untutored girls.

Frances Sidkos, another Long Island  
 girl, in a black jersey, showed me her

brown hands that "never wash out," and  
 gave me her history with capital brevity.

"I am up at 6 every morning, and in  
 bed at 8. Father and I earn all the money.

I have three little sisters and the best  
 mother living. When there is plenty of

work I can make \$10 a week. I can sew  
 too, and I make all my own clothes."

There's pluck and grit and skill for  
 you. The training of this little Bohemian

might well serve as a pattern for some  
 of our American mothers and teachers.

Barbara Purcell captivated me. I  
 actually had to woo her. The coy, pretty

little body, with her Psyche knot and  
 fluffy bang, sat among the stemmers a

veritable bluish-rose in a tobacco garden.  
 Here's her story, with its pathos and

romance:

"I went to school in Mott street till I

was nine years old. Then my father died,  
 my mother had to go out to work and I

sweater in its and beauty than this lit-  
 tle girl's."

She told me she had a headache when I  
 asked a reason for her sorrow, and that

she was not getting on very well with the  
 work. She lived at home, had one little

sister and showed me the black and blue  
 mark on her thumb where the machine

weight had dropped.

Mary Magor, her neighbor, was too  
 wise to say anything about the work.

When asked if she liked it her response  
 was, "Would you?"

"I've only been here a short time and  
 am not used to the machine yet. It can't

be any harder than the place I left to  
 come here. At Walton's I made \$3 a

week making paper boxes. I started at  
 that as long as I could, and then went to

Ottobren's thinking I could get a little  
 more to eat. There I received \$4 a week,

and here I am looking for more. These  
 are pretty tough salaries, don't you think,

for a girl of 22 to live on?"

In the shops below the girls used gum  
 tragacanth to paste the end of the wrapper.

In this room the operator used saliva,  
 and as a result nearly all suffered with

soreness of the mouth.

OF COURSE THEY MIND IT.

"Do you mind putting that cigar in  
 your mouth?" I asked an operator.

"Of course I do. I hate the taste, and  
 it has my lips burned all the time, but

we have to do it."

A yellow-haired creature with blue eyes  
 and a face far too pretty for immolation

in a cigar shop said with a sigh: "Oh,  
 I'm tired to death waiting for something

to happen. Been at this rubbish seven  
 years; began as a stripper and I'm tired.

Wish the place would catch fire. I'd  
 not make a move to get out. I'd hate to

be burned, but if I choked to death in  
 the smoke I'd not care a bit.

"I'll tell you a secret, but don't give it  
 away. Once I wrote my name and num-

ber on a sheet of cigarette paper and put  
 it in a cigar. I put it in a dozen, and

some fellow found it and he hunt me up."

"And would you receive him?"

"You bet I would. Do you think it's

fun slaving here for life?"

THE DISCRIMINATING ASSOCIATION OF THE  
 sexes in the shops where young girls and

men from the drogs of European and  
 American society work side by side is

very apparent, and the outcome at best is  
 a laxity of behavior. Open violations